FELLOWSHIP

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World Government: Panacea or Promise?

By A. J. MUSTE

The Man Who Writes Letters to God

By ALBERT D. FOWLER

Letter from India

By MURIEL LESTER

Letter from Germany

(ANONYMOUS)

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FROM MY STANDPOINT

John Haynes Holmes

Palestine represents the one conspicuous and serious failure of the Labor Government of England. In their domestic program of socialization they have proceeded prudently, resolutely, and on the whole successfully. In India, they are meeting with difficulties and repeated disappointments, but they have convinced all parties of the sincerity of their offer of independence, and step by step are making progress toward that still-elusive goal. If they are achieving little with the United Nations and the European peace conferences, their failure is our own as well. Only in Palestine has the Labor Government done nothing, or worse than nothing.

I

It seems incredible that Britain should resort to force and violence in her rule of the Holy Land. For six hundred years she practiced this dread policy in Ireland, and never got anywhere. Soldiery, police, Blacks and Tans, battles, massacres, mass arrests and executions, murders, assassinations, revolutionary uprisings, hideous repressions and reprisals matched by desperate rebellion—this was the record in Ireland from Edward through Cromwell and Balfour to Winston Churchill, and it was all in vain. The people were uncontrollable, the land unconquerable, the situation intolerable. It was only after the fierce blood-letting of World War I, when arms were laid aside and reconciliation attempted, that understanding took the place of madness, good will of hate, and peace was at last attained. The work of healing has even now only begun—wounds cut and torn through centuries can be closed only after generations, and then there will still be scars! But if ever there was a demonstration of the futility as well as cruelty of force, and of the beneficence as well as the practicability of pacifism, it is the history of Ireland.

The same thing is true of India. Here also were force and violence the law. British bayonets ruled this great country of the East. If the people rebelled, or even protested, they were imprisoned, butchered, blown from the cannon's mouth. The Mutiny, the Amritsar massacre, and similar events were huge blots upon an escutcheon stained with a thousand petty acts of torment and persecution. If there was no such constant resistance in India as in Ireland, and far less bloodshed and horror, it is only because Indians are less belligerent though no less brave than Irishmen. But there was as little submission to foreign dominion in the one place as in the other. And at last rebellion, always seething in India, came to a head in Gandhi, and under his inspired leadership took the form of a non-violent resistance war which was new in the history of mankind. In such a war, weapons were helpless. Force and violence were vain. What failed through a period of nearly two centuries has in our time collapsed, and English rule is done.

II

And now this melancholy tale is being repeated again in Palestine! Once more the British Empire is attempting to establish and maintain her rule by the brute power of the sword. From the beginning, this policy has been as gross a failure as in Ireland and India. The Jews have been as long-suffering and resolute as the Irish and the Indians. Steadily and rapidly, through the course of a quarter of a century, the situation has grown worse. For all her mighty weapons on land and sea and in the air, Britain's hold upon Palestine, as upon the allegiance of the people, has weakened, until today it exists only where British bayonets stand on guard. Jewish acts of terror now match former acts of Arab massacre. When was force ever proved so futile? Yet the Labor Government apparently sees nothing to do but impose more force, to the sure end of misery, despair, and death.

If anything is clear it is that force must be abandoned as a first step toward the settlement of the Palestinian problem. This for the negative reason, written all over the pages of history, that force never settles any problem; and secondly, for the positive reason that any problem can be settled if force be not a complicating circumstance therein. How the problem in Palestine may be settled is not now clear, any more than it was clear in Ireland and India when force was dominant. In Ireland it was partition that did the business. In India, and now in Palestine, it is very obviously not partition. But the terms of settlement are not the important thing at this moment. What is important is the ending of the reign of force, that there may be any terms of settlement at all. The scales have been lifted twice in recent months; first, by the Anglo-American Commission, and secondly by the Anglo-American Cabinet Committee. But in those scales lies the sword of British imperialism. Until that sword is cast aside, there can be no judgment. British soldiers will be kidnapped and killed, Jewish patriots arrested and imprisoned, railroads and bridges mined, homes searched and martial law proclaimed, the King David Hotel blown up, the city of Haifa blockaded— and always on the rim of chaos the Arabs, fomenting hatred and bloodshed. But there will be no peace.

Suppose that Britain suddenly said to the people of Palestine today what she said years ago to the people of Ireland, and months ago to the people of India—"I'm through! The land is yours. Anything that suits you will suit me." Slowly but surely peace would descend, like the dew of nightfall, upon an embittered and war-torn land. Exactly this thing has been done before—why not again now in the Holy Land? For there is nothing impossible in the Palestinian situation, as there is nothing impossible in any situation of itself. *It is force that creates the impasse.* Remove this log from the jam—and lo, the jam dissolves!

III

In the great counsel of angels in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* one angel declared:

"My sentence is for open war . . .
. . . let us choose
O'er Heaven's high towers to
force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into
horrid arms."

But these angels were fallen angels! They were devils cast into the blackest depths of Hell. That's why they talked of force, and violence—and war.

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Co-Secretaries
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Subheads

Note on Nuremberg

Wasn't it convenient that all the war-criminals happened to be on the losing side?

Discovery

The editorial director of *Science Illustrated* told a Schenectady forum in September of the latest achievement of our busy scientists: a new poison so potent that one ounce is enough to kill every person in the United States and Canada. Kills them cheaply, too. To discover the stuff the Chemical Warfare Service—ours, not the German or Japanese or Russian—spent a paltry fifty million dollars, and it can be "easily and cheaply prepared by any belligerent who has as much as a brewery and the skill to operate it." The method of distribution is not described, but the audience was assured that the poison is "invisible, microscopic in size, capable of spreading to every living enemy." This is a great advantage over the atomic bomb, which cost two billion dollars, requires huge factories and great scientific skill to produce, and presumably could account only for the enemies in cities and towns, thus regrettably leaving alive those foresighted persons who moved to the country after August 6, 1945. Moreover, just in case this isn't enough, our meticulous guardians also have produced "other biological weapons" that kill plant and animal life and so "operate through the slow agony of starvation."

One wonders about the individuals who are responsible for these discoveries. How does a scientist feel who has produced a new biological weapon? Does he rinse out his test tubes with a feeling of quiet exultation? Does he hurry home and between mouthfuls of his dinner tell an adoring family that he has found a new way to conquer an enemy through the slow agony of starvation? Does he call on his neighbors to rejoice with him over the brilliant new poison that can blanket a continent with death?

We suspect that most of these scientists, like most other criminals, are able to rationalize their deeds quite comfortably. They are able to do so because they are operating on exactly the same moral plane as are most of their fellow citizens. It is not that they think their acts are "good," but that they look on society as a conflict between man and man and nation and nation, and set survival as the highest value, justifying any means. Essentially there is no moral difference between the youth who robs a bank and the packer who withholds meat from the market in order to force prices higher or the scientist or military man who devises new ways of creating deserts which may be labeled "peace." (Practically, of course, there is a great deal of difference, since the bank robber does relatively little harm and is severely punished for it, while the packer makes a fortune and the scientist gets a medal.) It is this that makes the present world crisis so terrifying: that its roots are not in chancelleries or bomb-plants, but in the human spirit and the greed and suspicion and fear that have taken hold of the human spirit. And as preachers and prophets of another day warned of hellfire and apocalyptic horsemen, so do the last days shape up before us, with the fire and shock of riven atoms and the disease and famine bred in sterile laboratories by polluted men. Except we repent!

Reconciliation

Such thoughts lead naturally enough to the subject of reconciliation, which is after all the rock upon which we have built our fellowship. Judging by a few of the letters that come in, there is a difference of opinion about the implications of the word, some conceiving it to have been invented by Eleanor H. Porter with an assist from the three Chinese monkeys, so that once having chosen the reconciling way one must perforce make an earnest, wide-eyed attempt to say something good of everyone or be silent. We do not hold with this interpretation, which would make Jesus, on record as having described certain individuals as "hypocrites" and "whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones," turn in his union card. Hypocritical acts may be the acts of a child of God, but they are the acts of a child of God who is also a hypocrite. When they take place on the public stage, on a scale that threatens all the world with catastrophe, the pacifist Christian has the obligation to speak as forcefully as he can and moved with righteous anger, though remembering always that he also is a sinner and that the evildoer *is* a child of God, worthy of love for that fact and capable of redemption.

Symptom

We have a Fifth Avenue spy, name of McTavish, who sends up smoke signals whenever anything unusually dra-

matic turns up in the precincts of the demi-monde. This week he sent a special despatch from the Richard Hudnut Salon, where the "most fabulous face treatment in beauty lore" has just been announced. McTavish writes that it's called the Rock-a-Bye Lady treatment, and consists of rocking the lady in question back and forth, on a sort of bed on rockers, "to the beat, beat, beat" of her heart, at ten bucks a rock. The result of this, says McTavish, is that the lady gets "motionless exercise" while "loveliness flows" to her face.

McTavish, who is inclined to draw morals from this kind of thing, insists that the Rock-a-Bye Lady is more than a face treatment. He claims it's symptomatic of our civilization, and wrote something about "the crescendo of the world's instability having as a thin obligato the swish-swish of milady's pulchritude, rocking obliviously to beauty and extinction." We thought we'd pass it along to you for what it's worth.

Intercession

Zaniest news story of a zany month came from Brooklyn in the closing days of the National League pennant race, when a minister offered to intercede with the Lord, in company with other ardent fans, on behalf of the sorely beset Dodgers. He did, too, kneeling on the steps of Borough Hall at noon. The press treated the item with the oddly respectful ridicule it reserves for anything comical that is also religious, but we confess to a feeling of sympathy for the embattled dominie. "We've prayed for military victory and everything else," he said, "so why not pray for the Dodgers?" Why not, indeed? The God we know would find it a lot easier to help the Dodgers win a couple of ball games than to help the Eighth Air Force rain fire and explosives on people's houses!

Postscript

When you've read John Hersey's "Hiroshima," find yourself a copy of the June issue of *Science Illustrated*. There is an article there about some experiments with mice and radiation that have been carried on by a scientist in Maine. The reproductive cells of the mice were exposed to radiation similar to that emitted by atomic explosions. One-third of the grandchildren of the unlucky mice developed embryonically "with brains literally turned inside out and exposed on the top of the skull." These mice did not survive, but others that developed more normally did—and carried within them the same mutation, to be carried on "through endless generations."

The results of the experiments were so alarming, explains the magazine, that "many genetic changes are expected throughout all the plant and animal life in all the bombed areas."

Exaggeration

The St. Johns River Shipbuilding Company, of Florida, indignantly denies charges before the House Merchant Marine Committee that it made $2,080,000 profit on an investment of $600, which would be at the rate of 350,000 per cent. After taxes, company officials explain righteously, the profit was only $300,000, or a mere 5000 per cent.

The Warlike Japanese

". . . like Germany and Italy, Japan spends more than half her national budget on armaments, and has abundantly demonstrated her warlike intent."

Look, Jan. 18, 1938

"These items (appropriations for the War and Navy Departments, war liquidation activities, and interest on the public debt and veterans' benefits ["which are primarily the continuing costs of past wars"]) total $28,000,000,000, or about 80 per cent of the total recommended expenditures" (in the 1947 federal budget).

Henry Wallace, in a letter to
President Truman, July 23, 1946.

Reassurance

Pacifist leaders, who watered the barren war years with their hopes of a postwar "revulsion against war," have been discouraged by the failure of such a revulsion to appear on any large scale. They may take heart, however. No less a person than Prexy Truman promises that it will come. Speaking to the West Point undergraduates, the President prophesied that "there is going to come a time now when people are going to be sorry that they ever saw a soldier or a sailor or a marine."

Collectors' Items

Gimbel's, the store that *has* things, recently advertised an "atom ray water pistol."

Admiral Chester Nimitz admitted during the Nuremberg trials that the U. S. carried on unrestricted submarine warfare against Japan throughout the war, sinking enemy merchant ships without warning and not stopping to rescue survivors. Remember when that used to be a crime, too?

Believe-It-or-Not Ripley points out that the Eskimos are the only people who have no word for war.

British pacifists have launched a new magazine called *Values*. For £1.1.0 they offer a life subscription—"for the life of the subscriber or the journal, whichever is the shorter."

Two months after the Bikini tests, 75 of the "target ships" were still radiologically "too hot to handle."

The Federation of American (Atomic) Scientists confides that roughly 75 per cent of all American chemists, biologists, and physicists now are paid by or otherwise under the control of the Army and Navy.

On October 16 the Soviet Union published its new national budget, which showed a decrease in military appropriations of 44 per cent. This unimportant news managed to squeeze in on page 6 of the *New York Times*, though "Molotov Reported Unyielding" made a headline on page 1.

Is World Political Organization the One Way to Prevent World War III? The F.O.R.'s Secretary Sounds a Warning.

World Government—Panacea or Promise?

By A. J. MUSTE

THE CRUCIAL ISSUE before the pacifist movement today may be stated in the phrase: World Government or What Else? Raise this question and at once the sparks begin to fly. That is not a reason for shunning the issue; on the contrary, the controversial issue is the one that goes to the roots and the one on which the future depends.

Contrary to the opinion of some of my disturbed friends, I am definitely in favor of federal world-government (minus capitals for the time being). By this I mean that I believe that when we have world peace we shall have a world community just as when we have peace in the United States we have an American community. Furthermore, this community will have its political aspect or expression, as it will have its economic, cultural and spiritual aspects. A common authority in what are properly world concerns will be recognized instead of two or twenty absolutely sovereign states, each constituting a center of authority. This authority will have some kind of legislative instrument and a judicial—court—and there will be some kind of executive. In matters within the compass of the world-authority, this executive will have power of enforcement—police power as we say. On the one hand, it will have sole, undisputed power in its field: you can't have two sets of federal police in a country or two sets of world-police responsible to different centers of authority. On the other hand, paradoxically, the executive must make very little use of its power and refrain from violence. The more violence the "police" use, the more dictatorship and injustice there is and the less stability and general security. Police power will, of course, be exercised on individuals. When states or groups of states use violence against each other it is war, whether done in the name of world-government or under some other high-sounding slogan.

Definition of Government

Where you have a political instrument of community such as I have pictured, you have what is most simply and aptly defined as "government," and I find it hard to understand why some of my friends shy away so nervously from that word, just as I find it hard to understand why some other friends seem to have such a passionate attachment for it. Parenthetically, I am disposed to think that we shall get world-government first in some functional realm such as inspection and control of atomic energy rather than with a full-fledged constitution and other paraphernalia.

But from the conviction that if we have world peace we shall have some kind of genuine world-government it does not necessarily follow that the way to get peace is to concentrate our energies on a campaign for world-government as the one true way to peace. It could be that peace is the horse and world-government the cart and that it would not make for smooth and speedy locomotion to turn them around. Or it could be that this is another case of the chicken and the egg: You have to have the one to get the other, but equally you have to have the other to get the one!

Peace—then Government!

I surmise that the cart and the horse metaphor gives the best clue to my own thinking on these matters. It is necessary to achieve peace and then we can proceed to set up government. Government is an expression or by-product of peace and helps to maintain peace if, as we have suggested, it does not throw its weight around too much. But basically government cannot create peace. Community cannot be brought into being by constitutional and legal fiat. The fact that so many wars in the course of history have been civil wars and that these have often been extremely bitter bears out this thesis.

Peace was established at one time in the Mediterranean world when Rome eliminated Carthage and all other rivals. But the Pax Romana left something to be desired and it did not last. Moreover, it seems difficult to believe that peace in our age could result from an elimination contest between Russia and the United States. The war or wars that would be inherent in this process would destroy civilization and either subject mankind to a total dictatorship or drive it back into barbarism.

Another way in which community and peace may come about is suggested by the founding of the United States. People who are tired of fighting, whose states are ready to renounce the right to maintain their separate armies and to wage war on their own account, whose dominant economic groups have a common philosophy and program, and who have a unifying vision—the American Dream—are essentially at peace and can come together and institute a government.

These conditions do not prevail in the world at this critical moment. The real question that confronts us all, whether we think community (peace) comes first or whether we think government comes first, is how are we going to get peace and government—either or both.

If we are to be realistic, and that is regarded as the supreme requirement today, we have to face the fact that no ordinary measures will suffice to meet the situation. What we have to reckon with is a world impoverished and bleeding from two wars; divergent and fiercely competing economic systems and world-views; the two mightiest nations in all history locked in a gigantic power-struggle; growth in militarism and regimentation practically everywhere; and an armaments race in atomic and biological weapons. The problem has become enormously greater,

the international situation has deteriorated abysmally, since Armistice Day, 1918.

Someone tells me that we have the United Nations and a big movement for world-government supported by many prominent people, including atomic scientists. I wish I were impressed. I have grandsons, and to be impressed by the forces working to prevent another war would be conducive to sleep of nights. But I am not impressed. I was not impressed by the League of Nations and the peace and anti-war societies (I am not including pacifist organizations now) after World War I. They did not seem to me to stack up against the political, economic, and spiritual forces of evil that constituted the realities, operating in the realm of history, not of words, and therefore determining events. I wish to God I had been wrong.

The Strength of Pacifism

Now I am disturbed when I see reliance on what seem to me essentially the same kind of popular "mass" activities; and I do not mean to suggest that I have not engaged in them. What was left of them when World War II descended upon us? What remained when "the rains descended and the floods came and the winds beat upon the house" were the pacifists, religiously committed pacifists. Not that they were anything wonderful: plenty could be said on that subject if this were the occasion for it! But the fact remains they did not get on the bandwagon; they did not in pulpits and religious journals justify food-blockades and obliteration bombing; they refused to kill. . . .

When I try to put my finger on the cause of my uneasiness about other approaches and my confidence in the pacifist way, it comes to something like this. Pacifists got war out of their systems. Very imperfectly, I hasten to agree, very provisionally, hardly more than a token purge, as it were. Yet there it is and it is distinctive. Down to the very marrow of my bones I feel that this is the crucial matter and that above everything else we have to have a great deal more of this ingredient, this leaven, in the world-lump today.

The world today has to get war out of its system. This is something new. It is not, as some argue, just another step in the steady progress of the race from peace within the clan, the city, the province, the nation, to peace in the world. In these earlier instances, a powerful incentive for union within the group was the desire to be the better able to fight another group. But that incentive is out now, except for the people whom I have heard solemnly argue that we shall get world peace by setting up a world-army to defend mankind against aggressors from another planet. Reinhold Niebuhr said in an article not long ago that "the cohesion of a national community is so different from the organization of a universal community that the difference is one of kind rather than degree." It seems to me this is a completely accurate and a highly important observation. What mankind has now to accomplish or experience is *The Revolution* in the political, social, spiritual realm, having entered with the fission of the atom on the revolution in the physical realm. Does it seem likely that ordinary measures will avail us now?

I cannot believe that appealing to the people of this and other lands to save their skins by getting into a world-organization will do the job. So long as people are intent on saving their skins they will fall for the arguments of the military, in each country, that the one chance of saving their skins is to be armed. When did human beings ever achieve a great thing by means of the save-your-skin motive? And the greatest job of all has now to be accomplished!

I cannot believe that mankind can get war out of its system save by a moral decision, a moral effort, and by willingness to pay a terrific price, such as men have repeatedly paid for war.

For a nation to get war out of its system is not the same as wanting to see war abolished from the world. When men talk about the latter, they mean they don't want other people to make war against them any more. If this other dangerous and deceitful nation can be put in a position where it can do no more damage, then we who never had any but the most noble and peaceful intentions, will gladly and at no risk lay down our arms. But if not, and until then, let others beware of our righteous sword and our avenging bombs. Let it be understood also that we shall gladly have peace if it means that we retain our wealth and our privileges but not on other terms.

Let us say it frankly, the United States should become pacifist. For this nation to contemplate for another day the possibility of waging war for any cause whatsoever, to engage for another day in making the weapons of atomic and biological warfare, is a monstrous sin. The nation's chief and empowering desire should be simply to purge itself of that sin. Our business is, above all, to proclaim this and to make this the standard on which all our activities are based. This is making a terrible demand upon the American people, such as the prophets made upon Israel. What reason is there for thinking that God and history will let us off on any easier terms?

Reconciliation with Russia

To cite a concrete problem, there cannot be peace or world-government or anything else that is good without Russia. Russia has to be reconciled. Do we think that can be done cheaply, at a bargain price? Russia is embittered by the experiences of 1917 to 1946. Russia is bleeding. Russia is poor. Russia is afraid of the United States, as we are afraid of her. Russia has made it clear that she is not coming into any outfit where she can be outvoted. She has no intention of letting others in to inspect and police her industries; they might use the opportunity to destroy communism. We are, therefore, now at an impasse where we shall have to stop making atomic bombs and take apart those we have and render ourselves "defenseless" in the military sense in order to drive the demon of fear out of Russia's breast. Can we do that so long as we, too, are in the toils of that demon and believe that our defense is in "horses and chariots because they are many" and in atomic bombs? To suppose that Russia will alter her course so long as we have atomic weapons seems to me utterly fantastic.

Propose to Russia that we will disarm if she will? It is well to recall that we have not yet made or even remotely hinted at such an eminently sensible proposal. But before we make it we have to know the answer to the question, What if Russia does not trust us or out of sheer wickedness refuses to accept such a proposal? What then? If

in that case the people of the United States intend to continue to prepare for atomic war against Russia, I have two observations to make, the first that this would be an immoral course; the second, that a people which still contemplates the possibility of such total immorality as is involved in atomic war has not yet reached the point where it will seriously make a proposal for mutual disarmament.

Or to look at the matter for a moment from another angle: What we have to combat is not merely a power-state in the ordinary sense of the term but Stalinist communism or bolshevism, a world-view, a faith—totalitarian, militaristic, materialistic. To suppose that this danger can be removed by war is madness; but the idea that it can be done by means of political devices is hardly less foolish. Can it be combated successfully by so-called Western democracy? Short of a transfusion of new spiritual life Western democracy is doomed. The spiritual power incarnate in communism will have to be confronted with a greater spiritual power whose devotees wield no sword but that of the spirit, but who are as devoted and as reckless of their reputations and comforts and lives as the Communists are. There is no such power except what for want of a better term I shall call radical, pacifist Christianity.

If a nation is to get war out of its system in the sense of which we have been speaking, then many of its people will have to perform that spiritual surgery upon themselves. I can see no hope, for example, in atomic scientists who plead for an international commission or a world-government to tell them not to make bombs any more, and who in the meantime go on making them and even deadlier poisons. Have they never heard of God? They are like nations that want a world-government to keep them from making war. It is not good enough any more. It does not go to the root. "The individual conscience against the atomic bomb? Yes, there is no other way."

It has been suggested that this emphasis on the role of pacifism is sectarian: have not non-pacifists a role to play? One might answer that the truth sometimes seems sectarian and narrow. But I am beginning to think that what is really sectarian and narrow, and perhaps snobbish, is the assumption that pacifists are something special and that "if we have to depend on others to rise to the pacifist position, we are sunk." Why should we think that our fellows will not respond to that "trumpet that sounds from the hid battlements of eternity" which has reached to that which is deepest in ourselves? Have we ever in faith and humility and single-minded love gone to them with our gospel?

"So you think that unless we get the Kingdom of God we shall not get peace?" One is supposed to answer that question by saying, "Of course, I don't mean anything as impractical as that!" And if the implication is that all the people in a nation have to embrace the pacifist faith, I do think that is not essential. History has surely demonstrated that if the spiritual leadership of a people changes, the whole spiritual tone can be raised. But for the rest, I think the answer has to be: Yes, we shall not extricate ourselves from the present impasse or escape the impending catastrophe unless by God's grace we take immense strides toward accepting the laws of God as the laws of national and international life, and that means the Way of the Cross. Is it not sheer utopianism to suppose that we shall get by unless in the social and spiritual realm we attain to something as deep-going and revolutionary as the release of atomic energy in the physical realm?

Communiqué

[*The following is the major portion of a letter of greeting received by the F.O.R. National Conference in Evanston in September.*]

The members of the FOR confined in a segregation cellblock at the Sandstone Prison send you greetings. Need we say that we would prefer to be with you in person, but unfortunately insurmountable obstacles stand in the way of our attendance, nor have we found a key to the situation. Be assured that we are with you in spirit.

The shooting war ended over a year ago, but the concomitant evils, as well as some new ones, seem to be with us yet. We are faced with a world which is already rushing headlong toward World War III.

There is little we in prison can do to encourage the creation of a people's philosophy which will contain the seeds of an enduring peace. We have, however, had the conscription issue thrust squarely before us, on which we have had to make a decision. We have decided that conscription must not only be combated by educational work but must be resisted by methods of noncooperation and nonviolent action. We believe that the conscription of men, whether for war or for other purposes such as work in Civilian Public Service camps, is a wrong that must be actively resisted.

We are now in prison, but prison, in this instance, also serves as a part of the conscription system and therefore is a part of the war system. We are put in prison as an example to other men of what will happen to those who do not acquiesce in conscription and war. Because the prison system has thus been allied with conscription and war, we believe we should not cooperate with the prison system any more than with the military forces or with the Civilian Public Service program.

All of us have been on a hunger strike, with five still continuing, now in our fourth month, as a protest against this injustice. As a further refusal to cooperate with this wrong, we have stated that we will not comply with the restrictive and punitive provisions of parole because such compliance requires continued submission to, and cooperation with, enforcement of the Selective Service Act.

We hope this action will contribute toward the prevention of World War III. We believe that such intensity of resistance to the power-seeking aspects of the state is demanded. The individual conscience, which will take a stand against a wrong no matter how great the odds, carries more hope than the dream of mass movements.

WALTER GORMLY
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The Man Who Writes Letters to God

By ALBERT D. FOWLER

AMERICAN POETRY is not what it was in the years before the First World War when the great flood of new utterance was beginning. It is not what it was in the years before the Second World War when the tide of that utterance was still running. This is the ebb today, and the men who first wrote for Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and the other little magazines that flourished around the '20s remain the great figures still. Who is there among the younger poets to challenge the stature of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg? Such men tower like giants over American verse of this century. They led the renascence, they pioneered, they were the experimenters with new and original forms. It is natural to expect a period of lull after the spate of their writing until what they created has been assimilated. In the ebb of today the reader of poetry must be content to sift through volume after volume to discover good writing, and if he finds one memorable poem in a single book he may consider himself well rewarded.

The younger poets have often turned the liberty of new form and expression won by earlier experimenters into license. They suffer from a dearth of self-discipline. They seem unable or unwilling to winnow the chaff from their wheat; nine-tenths of what they publish is better forgotten. They indulge in private jargons that are largely beyond the reader's ability to fathom. Despite all this, there are good poems being written in this country. Kenneth Patchen is writing some of them.

Born in Niles, Ohio, in 1911, son of a man who worked twenty-five years in the steel mills, Kenneth Patchen grew up in the shadow of a war just ended and a greater war to come; he described one of his early books as "the legacy of a poet who speaks for the generation which was born in one war and seems destined to perish in another." Like his father he tried the steel mills; he bummed the continent as a migratory worker doing a variety of jobs; he spent a year at Alexander Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin. He has written since his twelfth year and his first book, *Before the Brave,* was published when he was twenty-five. In that volume he sounded his challenge to his world:[1]

Let us have madness openly, O men
Of my generation. Let us follow
The footsteps of this slaughtered age:
See it trail across Time's dim land
Into the closed house of eternity—
With the noise that dying has,
With the face that dead things wear—

William Rose Benet in the *Saturday Review of Literature* said of *First Will and Testament,* appearing in 1939, that Patchen "has more originality than ninety-nine one-hundredths of the modern poets. . . . In his book, at all events, are the blood and tears of this era." Another poet of the older generation, John Peale Bishop, wrote of this book: "His poetry portrays a private horror in the midst of public circumstance. . . . Here is what goes on in the skull and the skin of a young man who knows the certain uses to which war would presently put him." War to Kenneth Patchen is *summum malum.* He is angry, scornful, uninhibited in his attacks upon war. Throughout the years of massacre following 1939 he carried on his diatribes against war with ever more sharpness and clarity, and he continued to have them published by some of the best houses in the country.

In October 1942, with the Second World War venting its fury on the nations, New Directions put out *The Teeth of the Lion* in its Poet of the Month series. In it Patchen wrote:[2]

Because you are sick with the dirt of your money
Because you are pigs rooting in the swill of your war
Because you are mean and sly and full of the pus of your pious murder
Because you have turned your faces from God
Because you have spread your filth everywhere

O the lions of fire
Wait in the crawling shadows of your world
And their terrible eyes are watching you

In the summer of 1943, when the clash of opposing armies was at its height, Harper's published Patchen's best poetry to date in *Cloth of the Tempest.* One of the poems, "The Billion Freedoms," contains these lines:[3]

it is a lie, war is a lie,
What else is war, war is also a lie, love is not
A lie, love is greater, O love is greater
Than war, wake my brothers, love is not a lie,
Live, as the earth, as the sun,
Stand in the beautiful, be, as the clean, full, fine,
Strong lives stood, hated, mocked, despised, drowned
In the sewers of the State, as Christ was, for
He believed in life,
He believed in love, and in death, and war, and greed
He did not believe, and any man who speaks
Of a Christian war, or of war as the savior
Of anything, that man is a liar, and
A murderer, for no man can acquire position,
Or goods, or selfrighteousness
In a lie, except he be himself an enemy of truth,
And life, and God,
And a defiler in the temple of his kind.

Another poem from this volume, "Rest Heart of the Tired World," expresses one of Patchen's favored and recurrent themes, that out of the overwhelming destructiveness of the actual world a new and desired world is to be born:[3]

This red rain. . .
To breathe. . . .
To weep. . . .
To love where only murder has been lain. . .

[1] From *Before the Brave.* Quoted by permission of Random House, publishers.

[2] Quoted by permission of the publishers.

[3] From *Cloth of the Tempest.* Quoted by permission of the author.

To find youth, and faith, and all their quick kin,
Buried deep in talking halls of horror. . .
No.
It is that we cannot see,
That we cannot hear,
That we cannot smell,
Or taste, or feel, or think;
For surely no will in heaven or earth
Could endure what we seem to possess;
We live in the shadow of a greater shadow—
But there is the sun!
And from him man shall have life,
And he shall have redress from the crimes
Of his most brutal habitation. . .

This theme is the subject of what is to me the most impressive of all Patchen's poems, "What Is the Beautiful?" The refrain which occurs throughout the poem, "Pause. And begin again." suggests that man must cease his destruction and leave his ways of violence and in God's good time start anew to build a sane and decent society. Here are two selections from it:[3]

It would take little to be free.
That no man live at the expense of another.
Because no man can own what belongs to all.
Because no man can lie when all are betrayed.
Because no man can hate when all are hated.

And begin again.

and

I believe in the truth
I believe that every good thought I have,
All men shall have.
I believe that what is best in me,
Shall be found in every man.
I believe that only the beautiful
Shall survive on the earth.
I believe that the perfect shape of everything
Has been prepared;
And, that we do not fit our own
Is of little consequence.
Man beckons to man on this terrible road.
Hundreds of years will pass before the light
Shines over the world of all men. . .
And I am blinded by its splendor.

Pause.

And begin again.

It is Patchen's unflinching ability to stand and be counted, to speak his deep convictions in the face of a vast majority hostile to them, to couch his beliefs in clear and unmistakable terms, that won him the respect of many men in CPS camps and in prison. These men expressed their respect for him by publishing at the Waldport, Oregon, camp the first selected volume of his poetry, *An Astonished Eye Looks Out of the Air,* which contains all but one of the poems quoted here. One of the hitherto unpublished poems appearing in this volume, "The Way Men Live Is a Lie," written before the summer of 1945, has this to say to the individuals of a still warring nation:[4]

Why don't
You stop this senseless horror! this meaningless
Butchery of one another! Why don't you *at least*
Wash your *hands of it!*

There is only one truth in the world:
Until we learn to love our neighbor,
There will be no life for anyone.

The man who says, "I don't believe in war,
But after all somebody must protect us"—
Is obviously a fool—and a liar.
Is this so hard to understand!
That who supports murder, is a murderer?
That who destroys his fellows, destroys himself?

Force cannot be overthrown by force;
To hate any man is to despair of every man;
Evil breeds evil;—the rest is a lie!

It must be admitted that what has been presented here is the best of Kenneth Patchen's poetry. These poems are by no means representative of the body of his work. The greater part of his verse is obscure, undisciplined, the scattered outpouring of a man who is incapable of self-criticism. Harvey Breit, writing in *Poetry,* gives an apt description of Patchen's virtues and failings: "Patchen is rich; he is like a bonanza—all the more reason for him to become critical, to give himself a thoroughgoing check-over. He mustn't retire and he mustn't become complacent. . . . I believe Patchen to be one of the finest talents in America today. He has depth, imagination, and resourcefulness. He is 'endowed' lyrically, but he appears a little contemptuous of it."

If Patchen is, as New Directions dubs him, the *enfant terrible* of American letters, if his technique can often be likened to the form of the whirling nebula, if nine out of ten of his poems do not bear second reading, he has done sufficient fine writing to secure him an enviable position among poets. His strong religious faith appeals to many readers in an age of scientific skepticism: his direct address to God, his poetry in the form of Letters to God, his unswerving belief in the way of love laid down by Jesus. The man who wrote these lines from a poem called "How Silent Are the Things of Heaven" is not likely soon to be forgotten:[3]

The air must be kind
To the clouds and stars
That they never
Cry out
Or tear their lives away
From Thee
As we do
And have done

God, how silent are Thy fair children
That they never
Scream in fear
Or kill their sweet kind
As we do
And have forever done

[4] Quoted by permission of the author and of Untide Press, publishers.

Letter from GERMANY

(The writer of the letter from which these excerpts are taken is a dependable person, who must remain anonymous for obvious reasons. The letter was written from the American zone in Germany.—Ed.)

I want to tell you about some of the people I have come across. There is a war widow, with five children under twelve, whose husband was for a time in the S.S. so she gets no pension. There are four children whose mother died in a brothel in Buchenwald. Their father, locked up by Hitler for not being Nazi enough, is again locked up for being too Nazi. There is a mother with five children under nine years of age, who have come more or less on foot from Pomerania—all undernourished, without clothes. The children have had diphtheria and two of them are paralyzed as a result.

Discharged P.O.W.'s are not allowed to wear their uniforms and have no clothes at all. A great many of them have lost their houses, wives, and children, due to bombing. Many more lived in the Russian zone and to return there very often means to be transported in cattle trucks eastward into the unknown the same night. Soldiers have nowhere to go, no work to do, and those who have lost limbs can't get new ones. Worst of all are the poor mad and blind young men who are damned souls, at best a number and an object for lists.

One's life is made up of waiting, and if one thing predominates it is fear. Fear of being locked up, fear of the censor (women caught with shut letters in their pockets are sent with their small children to jail), fear of being denounced, fear of being turned out of your house, fear of being collected at night and ending up in a civil internment camp, fear of the future, fear of starving and fear of writing or saying the wrong thing. The predomination of fear makes the rebirth of an honest, sound, fair-thinking Germany impossible. Right and wrong are becoming more and more a matter of luck and of knowing when to bribe which person and with what.

I see many babies, Jewish babies, lost babies, ill babies, unwanted babies, and sometimes I think my unromantic heart will really break from the daily sight of these dreadful tragedies. You can't imagine the nightmare reflected in the faces of parents who come searching for their lost children—lost on a trek, during an air raid, on a station platform—poor broken-hearted women going from village to village on foot looking for two or sometimes three children. And the children, huddled together in homes where only meager care can be given to so many, need so much—a few things children everywhere should have—toys, books, sweets, love and laughter, pets, and more love.

I wish I could read some of the letters smuggled out of cellars in the British zone, terrible, shocking, miserable letters from broken-hearted men whose wives are locked up and who can't feed their children. People wanting to get relatives out of the political internment camps, wanting a job, a room, clothes; unhappy, sad, distraught people.

Letter from INDIA

This is a grand tour that has been planned for me. There could not possibly be a more auspicious time to arrive in India. Yesterday we just basked in the sun and reveled in the first day of Indian independence. For the first time many of us British approach the coast of India free of the depressing sense of shame. No longer will foolish and unwanted privileges be ours, privileges secured to us by the violence of an occupying army.

Indians aboard are surprised to see how Majors as well as Indian Civil Servants seem to accept the new situation without turning a hair. "But don't you see," they ask, "what a precarious position you will be in financially and economically as a result of our independence?" And I reply, "Of course we do; we are already in a precarious position." They insist that it will become much worse and I answer, "Very likely, but we shall profit psychologically and spiritually as we cease to be imperial."

At Port Said, Harold Ehrensperger embarked—F.O.R. member from the United States and editor of *motive,* excellent magazine of the Methodist Youth Movement. Mr. Ghosh, editor of *Arwrita Bazaar Patrika,* an outstanding newspaper founded by his father in 1868, told us about its early struggles, and how his father made the type out of dried pumpkin and manufactured his own ink to produce one hundred copies a week for the villagers. The first newspaper to voice any criticism of British rule, it was soon abolished. After a while his father started it up in Calcutta where a certain governor tried to make a pact with him not to publish criticisms of the government. He refused, only to find a new law promulgated that no paper must be published in the vernacular. But that very night his father got hold of a British press and the next day published in English!

Of course there's no end to such stories of tyranny. Pride and bribery may continue under Indian rule but they can be combated nationally now. Moreover, we English will not deteriorate so often under the immense temptations to dominate which power always produces. We may become, as we lose empire, rather nice world-citizens.

Let me end by telling you my program. I hope to see Mr. Jinnah and I have a valuable letter of introduction to his sister, who is a power behind the throne, I hear. Then I go to Gandhi at Sevagram and, I hope, up to Lucknow, Delhi, Allahabad, and Lahore. Mrs. Pandit, Nehru's sister and the Minister of Health in United Provinces, is so keen on the I.F.O.R that at one time we were hoping to do a round-the-world tour together so I expect to have an interesting time with her. I'm postponing the air flight across the Himalayas to Kunming and Sandan to see my dear nephew's school and adopted Chinese sons, because I believe I can go there more easily from Hong-Kong or Nanking in winter. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has air-mailed me a good welcome to Nanking. I still hope to get into Japan for a week or two before reaching Canada by Palm Sunday and the United States in April.

MURIEL LESTER.

Sitdown and Picketing Mark Amnesty Campaign

Amnesty for conscientious objectors again highlighted the news scene when Roger Axford of Chicago, just released from Danbury, and Charles Wellman of Boston, staged a sit-down strike on the steps of the Department of Justice, declaring they would continue the strike until seven COs on hunger strike in two Federal prisons were unconditionally released. Dragged from Attorney General Clark's office at closing time by building guards, Axford, Wellman and Ashton Jones of Atlanta took up their vigil on the steps of the building, thereby drawing additional interest to their cause.

Nation-wide broadcasts gave accounts of the strikers and the sympathetic poster walk held by a group of interested citizens under the leadership of Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Carl Van Doren, noted author and editor, appeared on the Columbia network, interviewed by a reporter regarding his participation in the campaign.

Join the Thanksgiving Campaign for

AMNESTY BY CHRISTMAS

Write, wire the President during the week of November 25

On October 16 sixty ministers from widely separated parts of the country went to Washington to urge government officials to grant amnesty to COs. A deputation consisting of Dr. Frederick E. Reissig, executive secretary of the Washington Federation of Churches, Dr. Marshall Wingfield, president of the Memphis Council of Churches, T. T. Brumbaugh, Methodist missionary, George Houser of the FOR office, and Clarence Nelson, Minnesota Methodist minister, visited the offices of President Truman and Attorney General Clark. As many as forty-five ministers picketed the White House during the morning, while in the afternoon a smaller picket line circled in front of the Department of Justice and others interviewed Congressmen. Additional hundreds of clergymen all over the country took part in the demonstration from their local communities by sending telegrams and forming deputations to enlist the interest of judges and district attorneys.

Since last spring resolutions and petitions urging amnesty for conscientious objectors have been sent to President Truman by the Federal Council of Churches' executive committee, as well as by many individual denominations, sectional church groups, and by thousands of ministers—to all of which the President has so far turned a deaf ear. Those interested in seeing amnesty declared are urged to join an all-out effort during Thanksgiving week to urge such action on the President.

Letter to Mr. Bennett

(The following excerpts are from a letter to James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, from Malcolm Parker, a CO on hunger strike in Sandstone prison.)

In a recent letter to my mother, Mrs. Gordon Parker, Woodland Park, Colo. . . . you said in part: "I wish to endorse what Mr. Clark has written to various Congressmen regarding these men: . . . they are taken care of in a Class A hospital, and are seen at least twice each day by a doctor . . . (they are) given enough calories to care adequately for their nutrition needs."

The facts are these: On September 5th . . . five men who were then being force-fed . . . refused even this tube-feeding in protest against what we felt was a local injustice. This situation continued from September 5th to September 27th. During that time the doctor was up to the segregated housing unit where we are quartered only three times.

The first visit on the 6th had no reference to the condition of the hunger strikers. . . . The next visit on the 17th was evidently occasioned by the fact that . . . Hampton had been very sick, with alternate chills and fever, nausea, and extreme weakness. The doctor's examination of him was the most thorough of any of us, and constituted his asking Hampton how he felt, looking at his eyes and feeling his ankles. His "examination" of me that day amounted to his looking in at the door of my cell . . . and making some remark to the effect that I seemed to be doing all right. On his last visit on the 23rd, his "examinations" were almost identical.

And finally no nourishment of any sort had been given . . . four men from the period between September 5th and 27th, and since the 27th, two of the four, Hampton and myself, have still received no nourishment whatsoever.

I do not know whether you made these statements on the basis of what *should* be the situation here; whether the authorities here have misinformed you . . . or whether the statements were out-and-out deliberate lies—in any case I want you to know what the true situation is . . .

Virginia School Boards Fire CO Teachers

The resignation of conscientious objector Evan Hollingsworth from the Marion, Va., high school faculty late in September resulted in state-wide censure of American Legion Smyth County Post No. 18 for its resolution demanding the resignation, and of Lieutenant-Governor L. Preston Collins for his alleged participation in the three-man Legion committee which prepared the statement. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* designated the Legion's action as "the most deplorable instance of its kind to come to light in Virginia since the war."

Subsequently Wayne S. Guthrie, a CO teacher in the New Hope High School, also in Virginia, resigned after a "frank discussion" with A. Crawford Gilkeson, division Superintendent. The "frank discussion" followed passage of a resolution by the Stanton-Augusta Post 2216 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, protesting employment of COs in public schools, according to Religious News Service.

Pacifist Groups Seek Basis for Joint Action

The program of the Consultative Peace Council, begun last December, showed considerable progress as a result of a mid-September conference held at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. The Conference moved forward on a program aimed at revision of the present victor-vanquished approach in peace arrangements, at universal disarmament, efforts at unilateral disarmament by the United States, elimination of militarism's hold on education, scientific research and politics, and the exposing of war profiteering.

Plans for a two-year implementation of the world-organization and war-prevention campaign will require a minimum staff for publication of a News Letter, to carry on general political action, field education and lobbying. Most crucial factor in success or failure, the Conference agreed, was promotion of better understanding between Russia and the United States. Means proposed included exchange of literature, Embassies of Reconciliation, and exchange scholarships.

The Conference encouraged the Fellowship of Reconciliation to prepare a pacifist literature program and the Friends Committee on National Legislation on publication of the News Letter and coordination of the antiwar campaign. It noted the American Friends Service Committee's appointment of personnel to work with labor, farm and other organizations and urged continuation of this work, and asked the Brethren Service Committee to provide a secretary to work on conference agenda, possible programs and fund-raising for joint enterprises.

Jottings

Winter Will Increase Need for Aid to Europe

Sugar-coated newspaper reports of improved conditions in Europe and the fear of aiding Russia have reduced the amount of aid being sent by individuals in the United States. However, recent letters from overseas as well as reports of eye-witness visitors dispel all optimism and point to extreme need as another winter approaches.

The FOR Food Parcels Campaign Committee expressed appreciation to all who have sent food, clothing, medicines and letters of encouragement to pacifists in Europe. Each friend overseas in turn feels responsible for helping a wider circle of persons about him. Gift parcels carry more than their material contents; they are a symbol of the love and concern of Americans for those in need throughout the world. Often they are the first step in creating a new interest in living, in giving a recipient the renewed faith and health which enable him to start building his own life and his community.

Needs have changed little, the Food Parcels Committee reported, but pointed out some precautions and certain relief items to be given first attention. In Germany the need is especially acute and will increase as winter advances. Fats, powdered milk and eggs, canned meat or fish, sugar, chocolate, dried fruits, cereals, cotton cloth, thread, yarn, needles, materials to repair clothing and shoes, soap, standard medical supplies, insulin and vaseline are the most needed articles.

Because parcels usually arrive with all or most of the wrappings torn off, the recipient's name and address should be clearly marked on the box itself. Glass containers should never be sent, no matter how carefully protected. Belgium has so nearly recovered that it should be eliminated from the list in view of the high tax on parcels.

Last month CARE announced reduction in the price of its forty-nine pound package from $15 to $10. These packages go duty- and tax-free, and safe delivery is guaranteed. CARE parcels are probably the best buy on the market. To use the service send $10 per parcel with name and address of recipient to CARE, 50 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

According to a Reuter dispatch on the occasion of Gandhi's seventy-seventh birthday, October 2, 1946, his most valued present was passage of a bill in the Legislature of Bombay Province that removes social disabilities from the Scheduled Castes or "untouchables."

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The New Zealand *Christian Pacifist* reported appointment of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, outstanding Japanese Christian pacifist, to the House of Peers.

General confusion marked the prosecution's handling of the three-count indictment of 59 Glendora strikers as the arraignment and plea met with further postponement and transfer from one court to another. At FELLOWSHIP press time trials of Atherton and Behre had been set for October 22 and of the other 57 men for October 31.

Judge Mathes was named to try the cases, fourth judge the men have been under.

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The War Resisters League has cabled the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg requesting the indictment of United States officials responsible for war crimes. The League claims that such officials prepared and waged aggressive war and perpetrated war crimes, citing as specific instances the war waged in China and Indonesia, the threats of war in naval moves, conscription plans, atomic bombings and the starvation of inhabitants of occupied European territory.

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First step undertaken by the newly constituted Racial and Industrial Committee was to plan five institutes on race for eastern and midwestern areas: West Chester, Pa., November 15-17; Fort Wayne, Ind., November 22-24; Pittsburgh, Pa., December 6-8; Cincinnati, Ohio, January 31 to February 2; Cleveland, Ohio, February 7-9. Another institute will be held at Lincoln University, Pa., the date to be set later.

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Date for returning draft credentials will be set for some time in January, according to an announcement from George Houser. The earlier date was abandoned in the interest of laying more efficient plans for action.

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The Rev. Dr. Franklin D. Cogswell, secretary and editor of the Missionary Education Movement, has been promoted to the general secretaryship of that organization. Dr. Cogswell has long been active in FOR work and currently serves on the Literature Committee.

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Selective Service sent a memorandum to local draft boards as of September 29, 1946, stating that the administration's policy will be "to not assign or reassign a man to work of national importance if he has previously served for more than six months in a C.P.S. Camp," and instructing draft boards not to forward "such registrants for preinduction physical examination."

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The Rev. Dr. Elmore McKee, rector of New York's famed St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church for ten years, joined the Central European Staff of the American Friends Service Committee on October 7. Dr. McKee is a member of the Fellowship.

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Clyde Summers, denied admission to the Illinois bar in 1943 because he was a registered CO, has filed a new petition on advice from the American Civil Liberties Union. Lawyers felt the Illinois court's decision might be reversed in the light of a United States Supreme Court verdict which permits alien conscientious objectors to become citizens.

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From the Southwest Area office comes a report that their "100 Weekend Conference Program" is meeting with great enthusiasm. Under the leadership of Bishop Walter Mitchell the Committee on Institutes and Conferences has formed a pool of fifty speakers from which teams of four will be drawn to "invade" every town of 3,000 or more population.

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Northern California Reports designates a unique information service begun recently by Orval Etter's office. The Reports are published in three series as time and information permit: News Series, to give information about events pertaining directly to Fellowship objectives; Quote Series, to pass on quotations significant from the Fellowship point of view; and Research Series, to report results of research undertaken in pursuit of FOR objectives.

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Robert S. Zigler of the Brethren Service Committee has sent out a call for 2,000 more sea-going "cowboys" to assign to UNRRA livestock ships during the remainder of this year.

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The St. Louis, Mo., FOR is promoting a Kagawa Fund and reports that anyone wishing to send a contribution direct to Kagawa and his group may do so through K. Tsuneyoshi, 3500 South Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 7, Cal.

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Fellowship members were grieved to learn of the death on September 25, 1946, of Dr. Charles A. Ellwood, eminent sociologist, lecturer, teacher and writer. Active in FOR work for many years, Dr. Ellwood had been an aggressive foe of postwar military training since his 1944 retirement as Professor of Sociology at Duke University.

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Michigan reports that Mrs. Josephine Houssman, director of Mt. Pleasant Region, is compiling a list of books and pamphlets that will be available for a state FOR lending library.

The Peacemaker's Bookshelf

Pacifist Theology

The Relevance of an Impossible Ideal: An Answer to the Views of Reinhold Niebuhr, by G. H. C. Macgregor. Fellowship Publications. 52 pp. 20 cents.

No, this is not a new work or even a new edition. But I had occasion recently, in pondering on what the churches are going to say about war after the experience of World War II, to read this brilliant booklet again. It is even more relevant and fresh now than when it was written in the midst of that war. Every thinking Christian who is not yet a pacifist certainly ought to read it before feeling easy in his mind. No pacifist who is not thoroughly familiar with it ought to feel that he is equipped to "give a reason for the faith that is in him."

A. J. M.

Prison Diary

Journal from My Cell, by Roland De Pury, translated from the French by Barrows Mussey, with an introduction by Paul Geren. 140 pages. Harper, $1.50.

I began the reading of this little book the other day on a train journey to see a draft board about keeping a CO from being sent to prison for a second term. COs who have been in jail will, I am sure, read with great interest and appreciation these notes by a Swiss who was pastor of two Protestant parishes in France. Most of them originally were written on scraps of paper in the prison where he spent several months in the hands of the Gestapo charged with taking part in the Resistance movement, and they describe his experiences and especially his feelings in prison. The book is a work of literary art as well as a poignant human document.

Pastor De Pury was not a pacifist, yet I found myself thinking constantly of my dear comrade, André Trocmé, as I read De Pury's meditations. And André might surely have written—indeed I have heard him say such things—the paragraph near the very end:

"I feel compelled to end with one perfectly simple but unshakable thesis. If instead of wasting our time and our liberty in bearing malice, envying one another, contending with one another, trying one to exalt himself above another, we would strive to accept each hour of our life as the prisoner accepts his first hour of freedom, to meet one another as we do on leaving the house of the dead, to find one another anew each day as one does beyond that inferno, to acknowledge each single minute of our freedom as an act of liberation by the living God—if we did all this, would not the Kingdom of God be forthwith among us? Surely this is how it will one day be established, at a moment that no man dreams of, in a manner both sweet and awesome."

The introduction by Paul Geren, author of *Burma Diary,* is itself a precious spiritual document. "What of the thousands of sufferers all over the world and in all times whom we cannot reach?" he asks. And answers, "For them we require an attitude . . . We are in need of an attitude toward men to parallel our worship of God," for whom we cannot do anything either. "Of course love is the name for it . . . Whatever the name for it, I felt it welling in me as I read this book." To which the reviewer says Amen.

A.J.M.

In Brief

Civil Disobedience, by Henry David Thoreau. Published by the New York Thoreau Fellowship. 32 pages. 25 cents.

Thoreau's famous essay, which so many publishers have found "too hot to handle" that it appears in relatively few volumes of Thoreau's works, has been reprinted in this handy pamphlet by the New York Thoreau Fellowship. Important reading for pacifists in today's world.

It Must Be Done Again, by Vernon Nash. World Federalists, 1946. 48 pages. 25 cents.

This is chiefly an edited and abridged version of John Fiske's *Critical Period of American History,* and has been prepared to show the parallel between the organization of the American Federal Union and the possibilities of organizing federal world government. Vernon Nash is National Director of Field Work for World Federalists, and a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and of its Literature Committee. The booklet includes a foreword by Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, and author of the widely read "Modern Man Is Obsolete."

Study and Action Pamphlets for Race Relations. Friendship Press, 1946. 48 pp. $.25 each.

Know—Then Act, by Margaret C. McCulloch, FOR member, suggests things each of us can do to help overcome color consciousness. "Some fit me best; some fit you best," says the author. The important thing is: "Where will you begin?"

In *Sense and Nonsense about Race,* Ethel J. Alpenfels, noted anthropologist, gives entertaining and convincing answers to the stock questions people of different races ask about each other. Delightfully illustrated.

Seeking to be Christian, by Benjamin E. Mays, vice-president of the Federal Council of Churches, discusses our most cherished Christian beliefs as the basis for human relations.

FOR SALE

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933. Of *Fellowship* published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Elliott Finlay, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the *Fellowship* magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Alfred Hassler, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, J. Elliott Finlay, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Phillips P. Elliott, Chairman, 124 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. J. Muste, and John Nevin Sayre, Secretaries, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; and J. Passmore Elkinton, Treasurer, Moylan, Pennsylvania.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. ELLIOTT FINLAY
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1946.
BURT H. FALL
(Seal) My commission expires March 30, 1947.

Pro and Con

That Bandwagon!

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

M. Palmer Bryant, in his article entitled "The Pacifist Bandwagon," accuses me of inconsistency on the subject of world-government. May I bring Mr. Bryant up to date on my complete thought on this subject?

In the September issue of FELLOWSHIP I wrote: "A world-state marks an indispensable advance over a welter of competing and contending nationalistic states, but what if the world-state becomes totalitarian and establishes tyranny and practices injustice? A government for mankind may seem ideal, but . . . what if the government is corrupt? There is something pathetic about the idea that a world organization of nations may solve our problems just because its frontiers are universal rather than parochial."

The world being what it is, I still feel that world-government is far better than competing nationalisms, but I agree with Mr. Bryant that it is no solution of our problems. World-government is just a step and a necessary step, but it is not the final goal.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

In M. Palmer Bryant's article "The Pacifist Bandwagon," in the October FELLOWSHIP, there is a logical fallacy that should not go uncorrected. Palmer Bryant assumes world-government to be a desirable goal, then quotes Emery Reves as saying that we shall probably get it by force rather than by consent, and concludes that he cannot support the idea of world-government.

Actually, Emery Reves says some form of world-government is coming whether we want it or not, because "the highly integrated and unified industrial world of the 20th century cannot develop within the present political nation-state framework created by the agricultural 18th century." This, coupled with his statement that our chances of getting world-government by consent rather than by force are small, should lead us logically not to Palmer Bryant's refusal to have anything to do with world-government but instead to a more vigorous effort to effect this inevitable change by consent and according to principles of justice under law, rather than allowing ourselves to drift toward a world order imposed by one dominant nation and maintained by its arbitrary power.

WILLIAM EDGERTON.

The Pacifist's Job

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Ours is a society of vested interests, of competition for special privilege and profit. It results in government (no matter the form), not of the people, but of, by, and for special privilege and profit. It is the old saw—but our job is not to resist or abolish war; it is to break down the system which makes war inevitable and substitute for it a system which makes war impossible.

Let us fight conscription, militarism, nationalism, war. But let us fight them as results of an evil social system, not as phenomena which have no cause. Our main job is, as repentant sinners, to battle against a social system which creates fear, misery, and war, and to create a system which will bring economic security, responsible freedom, and intelligent cooperation.

BOB FRIEND.

The Perfect (sic) Pacifist

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Although I do not claim substantial disagreement with John Haynes Holmes' standpoint about the Perfect Pacifist, I think he is unwittingly passing the judgment of "less than perfect" on many Fellowship members and readers, as well as others.

Let none of us claim a distinguishing perfection based on our own standards at a time like this when we wish to gather up and unite, through love and brotherhood, the pieces of a broken world even by converting many disillusioned imperfect humans who blindly followed the drums of militarism.

HARANO E. CHILDS.

Re the Modern Poet

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I will not try to argue you into feeling as I do that Kenneth Patchen is one of the half dozen leading American poets, but it is unfortunate that you abused him so irresponsibly in the July FELLOWSHIP because you saw an opportunity to crack a clever joke. In thirty-four witty lines you condemned his poetry without discussing it.

So far as I know, Patchen is the only major American poet to attack the war openly while it was going on, and to present his hatred of war as part of a positive philosophy.

DAVE DELLINGER.

[See "The Man Who Writes Letters to God," in this issue.—Ed.]

More About CPS Origins

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

It is a misstatement of fact for Philip Jacob to write in the October FELLOWSHIP that the "Historic Peace Churches were strongly pressed" at *any* time by the War Resisters League to undertake administration of alternative service projects for COs." Having been at the center of the struggle against the system of "private camps only" I am amazed at the audacity or recklessness shown by Mr. Jacob in dealing with simple facts. Substantiation or correction is requested.

ABRAHAM KAUFMAN,
Exec. Secy., W.R.L.

"Youth for Christ"

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

As I gaze across from the cool, conservative Green Mountains of Vermont to the citadel of Pacifism in New York, I am surprised to see verbal artillery leveled at the person and work of Jack Wyrtzen, who at the very least is arousing many people to take an interest in the Bible and religion in a day of widespread indifference.

Did the editor, in wishing "to explore the possibilities of love for discovering truth, dispelling antagonisms, etc.," go as far as investing a three-cent stamp or a nickel for a phone call to get Jack's side of the story? Jack has issued a denial. *The reporter refuses to retract his statement.* [Our italics—Ed.] Perhaps the editor has "internal intuition." [Or experience with similar "denials."—Ed.]

Does the editor really believe that the reading of a labor paper, or "a reasonably authoritative book about labor," or even a hundred of them, will clarify one's mind as to the awful chaos which exists in this welter of labor, management, and capital? [It'll help.—Ed.] Those who see all the villains on one side are most naive. [Agreed! That's what we were saying.—Ed.] (Personally, I thing that Jack's conclusions are as fundamentally correct, and perhaps even more Christlike than his detractor's.) [!—Ed.]

I don't suppose that my "huff and puff" will knock your house down, but I did want to expostulate a wee bit for my poor friend, the "emotional brass-bands-and-circus evangelistic leader" who is getting the crowds and changing lives while others sit and chew on pens or fingers, engaged in negative criticisms or feeding the egotistical pride of clergymen who "are above that sort of thing" but who secretly wish they could reach as many. [Vermont artillery? —Ed.]

GEORGE J. SCHILLING.

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I was sorry to see in a recent issue of FELLOWSHIP a rather unfair paragraph entitled "Youth for Hearst" in which Jack Wyrtzen was taken to task for alleged anti-labor remarks. Having checked on this I find that Mr. Wyrtzen has issued a denial of the statement attributed to him by Kenneth Fiester of the *Newark Call.*

JOHN M. GORDON.

A PAGE OF COMMENT BY READERS

Readers are invited to contribute to this page. Please keep letters brief, since space is severely limited.

FOR Field Secretaries

Midwest: Emerson Schwenk, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; *Northwest:* Mary Farquharson, 1406 East 40th St., Seattle 5, Wash.; *Northern California:* Orval Etter, 2151 Vine Street, Berkeley 7, Cal.; *Southwest:* Glenn Smiley, 3302 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles 7, Cal.; *Middle Atlantic:* James E. Bristol, Room 900, 1831 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

The Man with Feet Too Big for His Shoes

ONCE UPON A TIME—if you care for that approach—there was a man whose feet kept growing too big for his shoes. Every year he had to take longer steps and carry a heavier load, and every year, as a result, his feet got bigger and bigger, and he would have to go to his employers, half ashamed and half proud, and say, "I need bigger shoes again!"

Now the employers of the man were people who knew how necessary it was for him to take longer and longer steps, and each year they would try a little harder and somehow manage to get him the bigger shoes he needed. So that even though the feet grew and grew, and in five years had more than doubled in size, the man continued to have shoes.

Then, in the year 1946, the feet took a special spurt. They had to! Suddenly the steps had to be much longer, and the load the man carried had to be much heavier, so, of course, his feet had to be much bigger.

Unfortunately other problems confronted the man's employers at the same time. Shoes and everything else were more expensive. Even though they knew how important it was for the longer steps to be taken, they had difficulty keeping the man's feet covered, and by the Fall of that year, with Winter coming on, the man could not get his shoes on any more, and there was danger that he might have to sit down, and let his feet shrink, while the steps went untaken and the load uncarried. And the moral of the story is—

There is no moral to the story really—just a message, and a pretty transparent one at that. The Fellowship is having money trouble. Its budget was drawn up last year on the basis not of how big the "shoes" might be, but of how big the "feet" must be. The "longer steps" *had* to be taken in this first year after the war—this year of disillusionment, of atomic terror and the bankruptcy of conventional diplomacy and power politics. A budget could be drawn only in the faith that the "shoes would be big enough" when the time came.

Now the end of the year is near, and the shoes are too small. The Fellowship is struggling under the biggest deficit in its history. (This may come as a surprise to you if you contributed earlier in the year, since no second appeal for gifts has been made.) Unless it finds $25,000 of money not now in sight, it will begin next year's work with a very large debt. If that is to be avoided, with its implications of closed regional offices, reduction of staff, and curtailed work generally, every one of us will have to help mightily. There are several ways:

1. *Peace Roll Call.* You have received letters about this. If you have not yet come in as a cooperator, send at once for as many PRC letters as you can use. If you are already participating, give ten minutes to thinking if there are not more persons you can add to your list. Letters are adaptable for use during all of the month of November.

2. *Contributions.* Many Fellowship members have given generously already; many others have given only token gifts or have not given at all. (FOR pays modest—a euphemism for "low"—salaries. Each of the girls who work at the typewriters and filing cabinets contributes $150 or more annually to the FOR merely by the fact of working for that much less than she could earn elsewhere.) You are the one to decide if you can give more now: *whatever* you can give is needed and will be well used. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged. (They are deductible for income-tax purposes, too.)

3. *Fellowship.* Subscriptions to the FOR's monthly magazine are a potent method of getting new recruits. Give them as Christmas gifts to friends; send them to ministers, educators, and college and public libraries. There are special rates for quantity orders.

4. *New Members.* There are pacifists who have not yet joined the Fellowship, and there are pacifists who do not yet know they are pacifists—veterans, church people, and others. Get copies of *"Choose You This Day"* and *"I'm an Ill-Adjusted Veteran"* and distribute them to such prospects. The period from Armistice Day to Christmas has been set aside for a special membership effort. Set aside a block of time weekly to present the challenge of the Fellowship to those who ought to be in it.

Please let us know what you can do to get the Fellowship the bigger shoes it needs.

AID THE WAR VICTIMS FUND AGAIN THIS YEAR

Send F.O.R. Christmas Cards

You will agree that this is the most attractive Christmas card we have yet produced. The folder is printed in brown and yellow. The cover reproduces an oil painting of a little girl typifying all war victims, and inside is an appropriate verse and a star-over-Bethlehem scene, plus generous space for writing a personal greeting if you wish. As usual, proceeds will go to the F.O.R. War Victims Fund.

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